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GRAPES AND THORNS.

By M. A. T., AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF YORK," "A WINGED WORD," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

F. Chevreuse, standing one silent moment to contemplate the scene, was startled to see his companion break from his side, and, running to the tree at a little distance, catch one of its branches, and swing himself into the air by it. The priest's first glance was one of dismay; his second, a smiling one. He understood the abounding joy of which the act was an outbreak, and was pleased with the boyishness of it, and that the impulse should have been yielded to in his presence. Sad as he was, he could not help feeling glad to see another possessed by a full and unthinking happiness.

Mr. Schoninger laughed, as he returned to his companion. "Don't be afraid," he said; "I am not a lunatic. I am free! Do you know what a delight it is to be in a place where you can swing your arms without hitting anything? I could run here half an hour, and neither turn nor be obliged to stop; and I can stand upright without feeling as though my head were going to knock against the ceiling, as though I were trying to fly. I should like to go in for one minute, if you do not object to waiting."

"How delicious the air is!" he exclaimed. "How fresh and pure! It comes here from the forests and the mountains and the sea. There is no smell of lime or close dampness or human breaths in it. Pah! F. Chevreuse, when you preach again, and tell your people what they have to be thankful for, in spite of sorrow and poverty, remind them of the air they breathe, the sun that shines on them, the sky above their heads, and the power to move about as they will. If this were gray, and pouring down rain, I should still think it beautiful; for it is the sky, and not a stone."

He walked away again to a little distance. "Instead of being obliged to give a reason for being happy, I think we should be obliged to account for being unhappy," he said, coming back. "How many sources of delight we have which we overlook because we are accustomed to them! Mere motion, walking, running, any natural and unconstrained motion, is a pleasure; breathing is a pleasure; the eyes have a thousand delights. It is a source of pleasure to exercise one's strength and overcome obstacles. I never went up a hill in the country or climbed any height but I felt like singing. Swimming, skating, riding, driving—how exhilarating they are! And for all these delights you do not need the companionship of man. Yourself and nature—these are enough."

"I did not know you were so fond of nature," F. Chevreuse said, smiling. "I do not think I ever mentioned it to any one before," remarked the other carelessly.

The priest was struck by this reply, and looked with astonishment on the man who for thirty years had loved nature, yet never said a word in praise of it. Could it be because of reserved and unusual disposition? Or was it that he had been too much isolated? The priest was almost afraid to speak, lest he should check a confidence at once so charming and so manly. He quite understood that it was the unusual and deep agitation of Mr. Schoninger's mind which had brought this feeling to light, as the sea, in its agitation, may toss up a pearl.

He said nothing, therefore, but waited for his companion to speak again, not observing him, but looking up at the illuminated dome above.

"When one is free, and has the use of one's limbs, and is happy, then one believes in a good God, who is a Father to His creatures," Mr. Schoninger resumed in a voice as gentle as he might have used when a child at his mother's knee. He had been holding his hat in his hand; but in speaking, he covered his head. At the same instant, F. Chevreuse uncovered his, and the Jew and the Christian, each after his manner, acknowledged the presence of God in that thought, which was almost like a visible presence.

"To me," said the priest, "the acknowledgment comes more surely when I am in trouble. It seems to me that if I were in chains and torments, He would be nearer to me than ever before."

"That is because you have been taught to believe in a suffering God," was the calm reply. "I have been taught to see in God a being infinitely glorious and strong, a mighty, shoreless ocean of deep joy. That He could be

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suffer pain, that His puny creatures could torment and kill Him, has always been to me a thought at once absurd and blasphemous. It is probably for this reason that you see Him best in sorrow, and in joy."

He stood a little while thinking, then added quietly, as if speaking to himself: "Yet it is a sweet and comforting thought."

F. Chevreuse blushed red with a sudden gladness, but said nothing. It was no time for controversy; and besides, he had the wisdom to leave souls to God sometimes. That people are to be converted by a constant peering of argument and attack he did not believe. His experience had been that converts of any great worth were not made in that way, and that the soul that studied out its own way helped by God, and teased as little as possible by man, was by far the most steadfast in the faith.

They went slowly down the hill together in the direction of the priest's house, and stopped a moment to lean on Mrs. Ferrier's gate in passing. That lady had just entered her house, having been all the day and evening at Mrs. Gerald's. She would gladly have stayed all night had Honora allowed it.

The two men had, unseen or unrecognized, been near enough to hear the long sigh the good creature gave as she mounted the steps to her door, and the exclamation she made to the servant who followed her: "Little did I think last night at this time what horrible things were going to happen within twenty-four hours." Some persons have that way of dating backward from startling events, and renewing thus the vividness of their sensations. She did not know what kind thoughts were following her in at the door, or she might have been comforted.

They went on, and soon came in sight of what had been Mrs. Gerald's home. The blinds were all closed, and not a ray of light was visible. Under the vines and large, over-hanging trellis a cottage appeared to shrink and hide itself. "I would like to go in for one minute, if you do not object to waiting," F. Chevreuse said. "That poor girl means to sit up all night, and she is likely to have no one else in the room. It is a gloomy watch, and she may feel better, if I speak a word to her."

"Pray do not think of me!" Mr. Schoninger exclaimed. F. Chevreuse stepped into the yard, and, as he held the gate open for his companion, Mr. Schoninger followed, though with some hesitation. There were many reasons why he would not be willing to enter that house. Indeed, the priest well knew that it was not time to take him there openly; but for some reason he wished him to come near enough, at least, to feel the sorrow and desolation which had fallen upon it. Perhaps he wished to soften Mr. Schoninger still more toward the unhappy man the burden of whose guilt he had borne; perhaps he wanted to remind him how entirely that burden had been removed from him by showing how cruelly it had fallen elsewhere.

The priest tried the door before ringing, and, finding it not locked, stepped quietly into the entry, which was lighted through the open doors of rooms at either side. In one of these rooms sat three or four persons. He said a few words to them, and closed the door of their room before going to the other.

Mr. Schoninger held back a moment, but could not resist longer the temptation to approach. The outer door was still open, and a soft light shone over the threshold of it from the parlor. Drawn step by step, he went to the threshold, and stood just where the light and shadow met, and the door framed a picture for him. The room seemed to be nearly all with and flowers. White draperies covered the windows, the pictures, and the cabinets and tables, the coldness changed to a tender purity by flowers and green leaves, arranged, not profusely, but with good taste. On what appeared to be a sofa covered with black lay a motionless, white-draped form lying easily, as one might sleep; but there needed not the covered face to show that it was the sleep of death. Candles burned at the head of the sofa, and a prie-dieu stood before it. All this Mr. Schoninger took in at a glance; but his eyes rested on what was to him the principal object in the room—Honora Pembroke, sitting near the head of the sofa, with the light of the candles shining over her. She looked up, but did not speak, as F. Chevreuse came in and knelt at the prie-dieu. Her eyes dropped again immediately to her folded hands, and she sat there motionless, an image of calm and silent grief. Her face was pale and utterly sad and languid with long weeping, her hands lay wearily in her lap, and her plain black dress, and the hair all drawn back together and fastened with a comb, showed how distant from her mind was the thought of personal adornment. Yet never had she looked more lovely or shown how little her beauty depended on ornament.

Mr. Schoninger, looking at her attentively, perceived that her face was thinner than when he had seen it last; and though the sight gave him a certain pain, it gave him, too, a certain pleasure. He would have thought her cruel had she been quite prosperous and happy while he was in torment.

F. Chevreuse rose from his knees, and Miss Pembroke looked up and waited for him to speak. "Had you not better go to bed, and leave the others to watch?" he asked. "You will be exhausted."

but it is all so short, so sudden!" She stopped a moment, for her voice began to tremble a little; but resumed: "She has no one left but me, and I want to stay by her till the last."

"You will not be lonely?" he asked, dropping further objections. "Oh! no. The others will sit all night in there, with the doors open between. At daybreak Mrs. Ferrier is coming down, and then I shall go to rest. I am glad you came in."

"I was passing by with Mr. Schoninger," he said, "and I asked him to wait for me a moment."

Her eyes had dropped again while she spoke, seeming too heavy to be lifted; but as the priest said this, she glanced into his face; then, becoming aware that the street-door was open, looked toward it. Mr. Schoninger stood there motionless.

A change passed over her face, her sadness becoming distress. She rose from her seat and went to him, her hands clasped. "Mr. Schoninger," she said, "she was the last person who would have wronged you or any one."

Then seeing that he had not come as an accuser, she held out her hands to him.

The night before he had been like one buried alive, and his hand had been against all the world; to-night life had crowded back upon him with its honors, its friendships, its pathos, and this last scene of sorrow and tenderness.

He bent, and kissed the hands she gave him, but did not utter a word, and they parted instantly. Honora returned to the prie-dieu, and, kneeling there, hid her face and began to weep again, and Mr. Schoninger went out to the gate without giving a backward glance. F. Chevreuse joined him immediately.

"All these wretched doings have left Miss Pembroke very lonely," he said. "She has really no one left who is near to her, though she has a host of friends. But what, after all, is a host of friends, as the world calls them worth? When a thunderbolt falls on you, people always gather round, and a great deal of kind feeling is struck out; but, perhaps, you have needed the kindness a great deal more in the long, dry days when there was no thunder. It is the constant, daily, intimate friendship that gives happiness. But there! it is of no use to abuse the world, especially when one forms a part of it, and is thus abusing one's self. All of us feel our hearts warm toward people who are in great affliction, when we do not think of them in their ordinary trials. It is only God who is constant to all needs, who knows all. Mr. Schoninger, you are welcome."

They had reached the house, and the priest turned on the threshold to offer his hand to the man whom he had so long courted in vain, and who had so many times refused his friendship. He knew that he had conquered when his hospitality was accepted.

He had conquered, in so much as he had won the Jew's friendship and confidence; for, having renounced his distrust, Mr. Schoninger was, in an undemonstrative way, generously commending him to the care of his friends. The circumstances were so alien to his own, when, there, was no reserve.

F. Chevreuse's sitting-room was never a very pleasant one, except for his presence. It had too many doors, was too shut in from outside, and had also the uncomfortable air of being the first of a suite. One never feels at rest in the unpleasantness of the place, without in the least knowing the cause of it, and always took his special visitors into his mother's room.

Mother Chevreuse had, woman-like, known precisely what her son's apartment lacked, and had given it a pleasant look by employing those little devices which can introduce a fragment of beauty into the most desolate place; but her mantle had not fallen on Jane, the housekeeper, and thus it chanced that the priest had, without knowing it, lost more than his mother.

"And bring up a bottle of wine with it."

"Jane is gone to bed, sir," Andrew announced, and stood stubbornly to be questioned, his whole air saying plainly that all had not been told.

"Gone to bed!" echoed F. Chevreuse. "What is the matter with her?" "She says she is sick." The man suffered an acrid smile to show in the corners of his mouth.

"Jane sick!" said the priest, much concerned. "Is there any one with her? Has anything been done for her?"

In speaking, he took a step toward the door. "Oh! don't you trouble yourself, sir," interposed Andrew quickly, finding that he must deny himself the pleasure of a long cross-examination. "She says she doesn't want anything or anybody. She'll get well when she's ready. She's got the supper, and I can manage to bring it up. All the doctors and all the nurses in the world won't make her well till she's a mind to be."

"Well, well!" said F. Chevreuse, rather mortified at this exposition of his domestic trials. "Bring up the supper."

Jane had, in fact, one of those conventional illnesses sometimes indulged in by some women, and now and then life had crowded back upon her with its honors, its friendships, its pathos, and this last scene of sorrow and tenderness.

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about 7 o'clock. At 6:30 Jane could not suppress an occasional moan of pain; and at ten minutes before seven she resigned the supper, which was all prepared, to the care of Andrew, and staggered into her own room, holding on by chairs and tables as she went. She would not, perhaps, have indulged in such violent symptoms had she seen the smiles with which her fellow-servant beheld her tottering progress across the room. Fully persuaded that she had vanquished her scepticism, and half convinced herself that she was suffering severely, Jane set herself to listen for the priest's coming.

Seven o'clock came, but not F. Chevreuse; 7:30, and still he had not appeared. Jane stole out into the kitchen, scarcely able to stand, and renewed the spoiling dishes. She did not wish to leave anything to be complained of, meaning to be herself the only one ill used. At length she heard a foot on the door-step, and, making haste to shut herself into her room, with only a very little opening left, Jane became a prey to grief and pain.

All these movements Andrew had listened to with great edification; but what Andrew did not know was that the invalid, skurrying out to stand at the foot of the stairs when she heard talking in the room above, had had the pleasure of listening to the whole conversation regarding her state of health.

Ten minutes after, F. Chevreuse, without much surprise, it must be owned, saw his housekeeper coming feebly into the room where he sat at table, her face red and swollen with laborious weeping, and expressing chief among its varied emotions and sentiments a saint-like and anxious desire and determination to sacrifice herself to the utmost rather than omit the smallest possible duty.

It was an unwelcome vision. There was a point beyond which even he did not want to have his sympathies drained. He felt that he was human, and would like to rest both mind and body.

"I am afraid, F. Chevreuse," she began, in a very sick voice, leaning against the side of the door—"I am afraid that your toast is too dry. I made it fresh three times. . . . "Never mind, Jane," he interrupted, rather impatiently. "It does very well. You need not trouble yourself."

Jane came into the room a few tottering steps, and rested on the back of a chair. "I don't know how Andrew brought things up," she said, very short of breath, but not so much so but she could fire all at once. "I suppose they are all at shots and sovens. But I wasn't able to do any. . . . "If you are not well, you had better go to bed," said the priest quite sharply. "Andrew will do all I want done."

Taken unawares by this unusual severity, Jane lost her discretion. "It is my place to look that things are properly done in the house, and I shall do it," she said, half defiant, half hysterical, and took a step nearer to the table.

As she did so, her eyes fell on the pale and haggard face of her guest. At that sight she paused, transfixed with a genuine astonishment, for she had expected to see F. O'Donovan; and, after one wild glance, as if she had seen a ghost, uttered a cry and covered her face with her hands.

"Jane!" exclaimed the priest in a voice that told her he was not to be tried much further. "Have you lost your sense?" "My heart is broken for Mrs. Gerald!" she cried, weeping loudly. "I haven't been able to stand hardly since I heard about her. Oh! such a wicked world as this is. I shall be glad when the Lord takes me out of it. To think that I shall never see her again, that!"

APRIL 8, shall never call it has destroyed my have only to dismay my mind as far as to-day a letter sign pupils, begging nstruction of them selves very w sent. The Unitari vnd me to play church, but I have yet."

TO BE DEFENDING

Cardinal Moran's Master of art

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